THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER

Luis. Hey.

Carlit--
Erm, Fall.

Marco okay?
He's doing alright. Are uhm. That is... are *you* okay? All this talk of apocalypses and... your eyes were glowing and your *voice*--
Yeah! Yeah, sorry about that.
It's just, well, what *are* you, exactly?
What's happening?

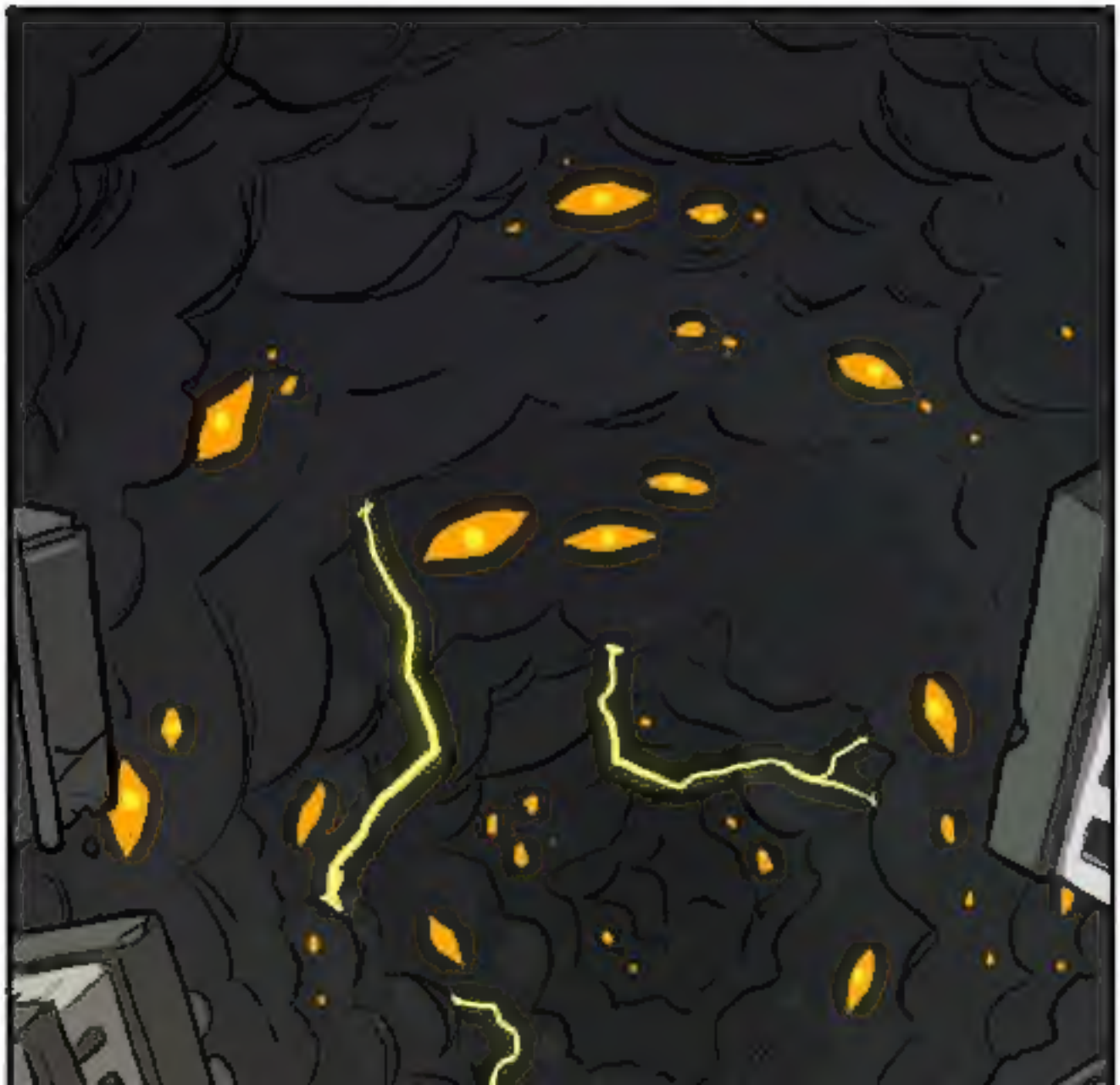
Well Luis, let me sum it up for you bud!
Turns out I'm what's called the Harbinger. Been around for hundreds of years or more, and my job's to end the world. Or like, let in some other monsters that end the world?
Not sure, really.

Right??

And the Atlas foundation? They don't want that to happen. Which, hey, I mean like... fair enough!

Thing is the way they delay armageddon is by assassinating the Harbinger. So they've killed me a few dozen times, only I keep reincarnating as different people.

SPIRIT

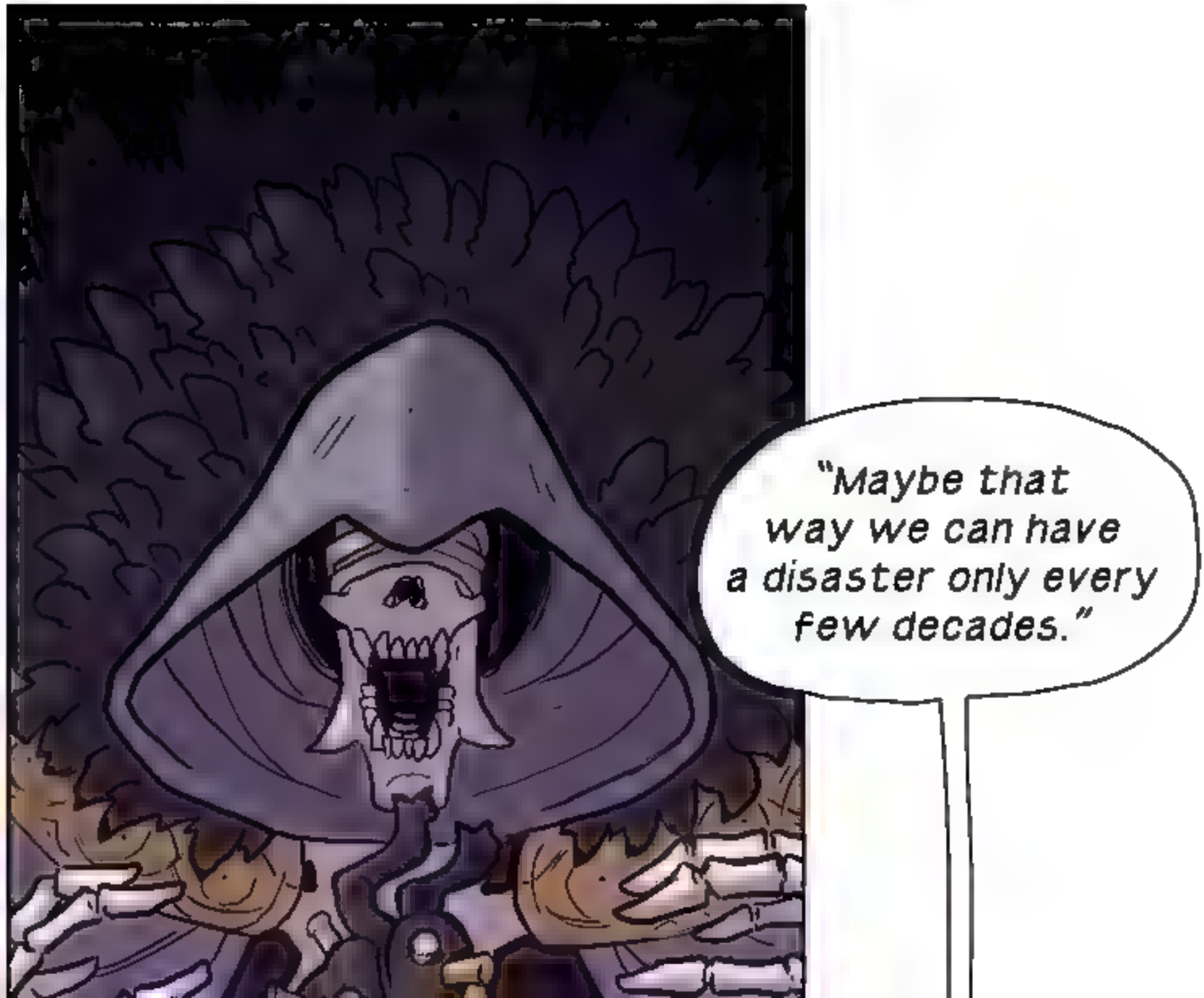


Oh also? Like every time I die there's a big disaster, but nothing compared to the apocalypse.
Atlas found the damage... *justifiable*, I guess?

SPIRIT
BOMB

Or they **used** to. Cause I think this time around, Atlas was all *"Hey I know! Let's brainwash her, spy on her, give her suspicious medications, and set her loose into a mundane, pointless human life!"*

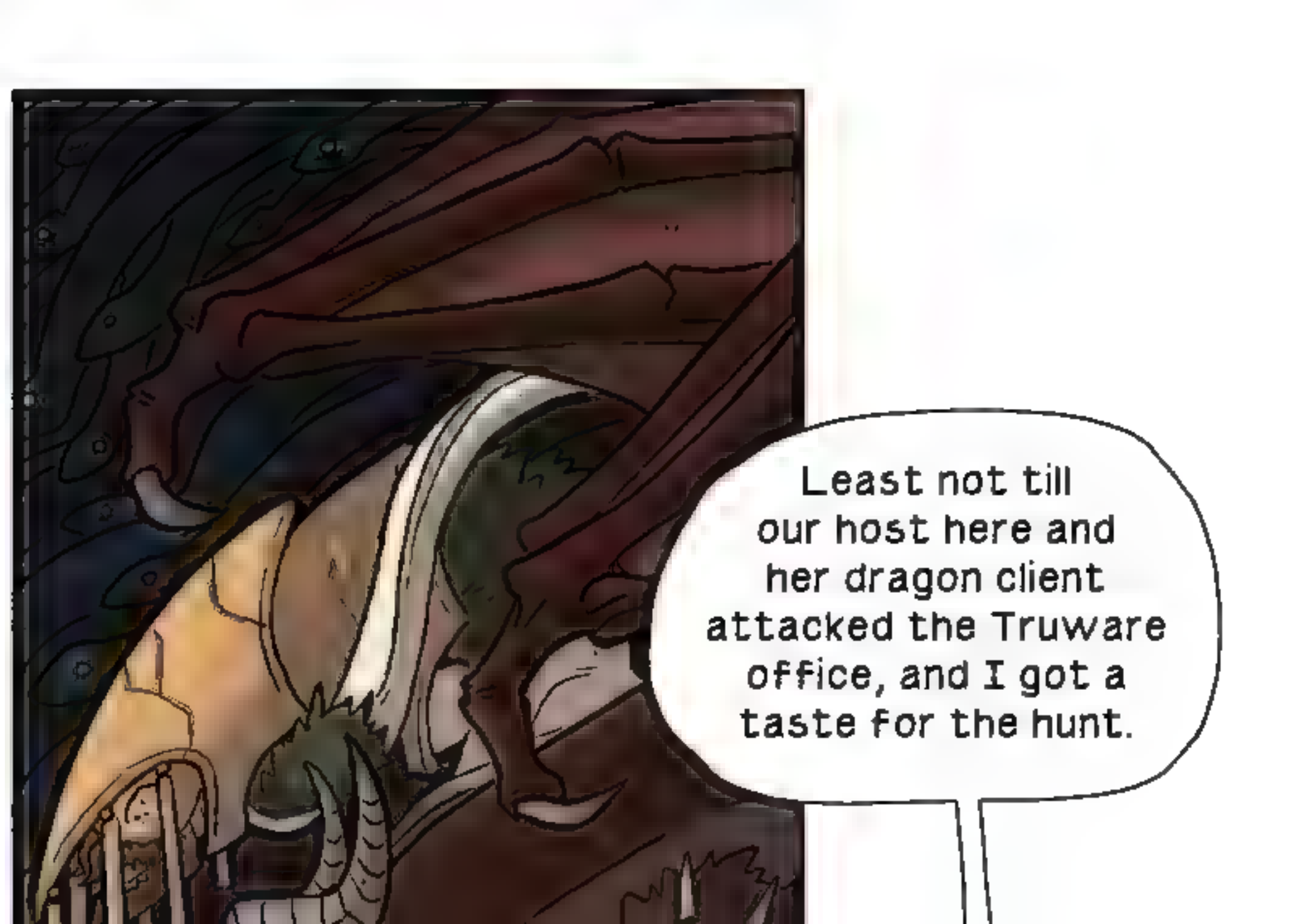
MB


"Maybe that way we can have a disaster only every few decades."

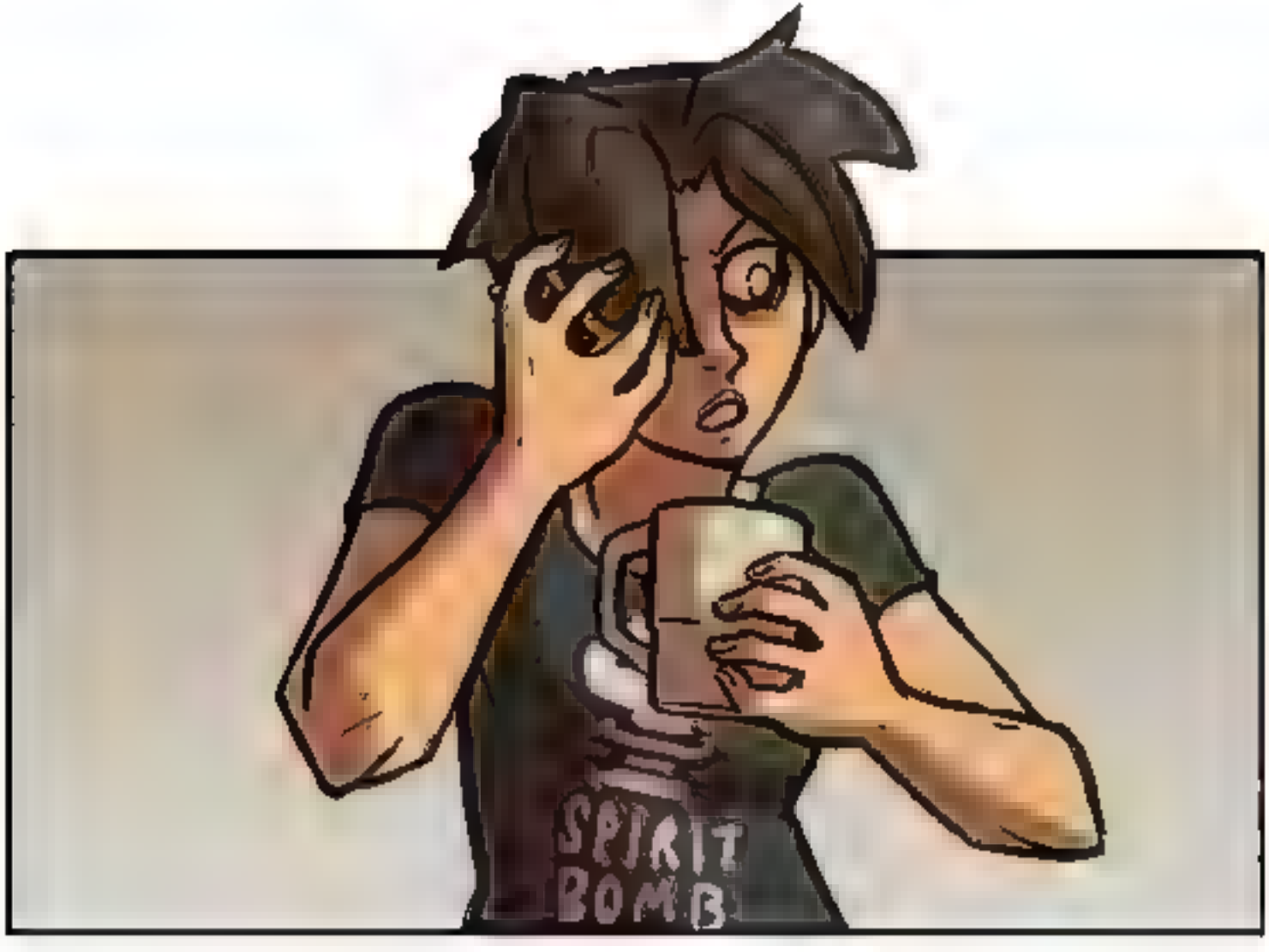
"Also gosh Chairman Gold, I'd really appreciate not having to murder another child or blackmail another lich in the name of the greater good."

And... and it worked!
For a bit at least!

I had no motives whatsoever, let alone apocalyptic ones.
For sure didn't think I might be anything other than human.


Least not till our host here and her dragon client attacked the Truware office, and I got a taste for the hunt.

And it was fun for a while! Marco's right! It felt good to punish monsters and save their victims!


SPIRIT
BOMB

As we kept at it though, we started uncovering more and more of what Atlas and the Hierophant were really up to and... and I dunno, dude.
That's uh... Well that's a lot.

Do you remember these, erm, past lives?

Not really.

But I think I remember the feeling of dying.

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